

CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR;

Or, Miscellany of

RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

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LETTERS FROM BELGIUM.

LETTER V.

[Continued from page 87.]

"O God, who in this wonderful sacrament"—is the address of our church, the week of the commemoration of its institution;* and which she repeats again and again, never seeming to tire of that one collect, day after day, and in service after service, in private and public ever saying the same words, as if no word could express so nearly our feelings as that one "Wonderful!"

Wonderful that of all the "good" things created and given to us, or created within us, neither our thoughts, nor our feelings, nor our affections—none being of a price equal to his greatness, whereby we might dare to come into His holy palace, and approach the footstool of His lofty throne. He has given *Himself* to be our offering. He has placed Himself in our hands, that we might have a Gift to bring which He could not refuse, by which His greatness could not be diminished, and by which man could be made acceptable. How terrible is the Greatness of God! And how awfully is it shown in the institution of the Mass! It being impossible for Him to be served with any thing unequal to Himself, and there being only Himself which was His equal, He gave Himself to man to be his offering. The means he devised in order to become this offering, this sacrifice—still "wonderful"—was the power given to the true Priests of His church, to command His presence at the consecration. By this priestly might Christ comes down upon our altar—in his Flesh and Blood, Soul and Body, God-head and Manhood, glorious as it is in heaven, and remains among us till the communion of the Priest.

To prepare her children for the due valuing and understanding this their Treasure beyond all price, the church directs her every attention. For this she has prepared gradually and surely a collection of expressive ceremonies. One holy Pope after another has added something grand, and rousing, and strong, and feeling, to the Mass. Some have introduced a matchless form of words, as the "Glory to God in the high-

est," or, "Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world," &c. Some have taught a gesticulation—a significant movement—or have given a meaning to the lighting of candles, or the ringing a bell, or the form of a vestment, all full of intelligence to the worshipper, and arousing his attention to her grand work, her "wonderful" work—the bringing the Victim upon her altar for the sacrifice. For this her Priests are trained to holiness, because of the Holy Offering they must daily handle, and be in contact with. For this she consecrates her vessels, her linen—every thing that must be used about the sacred Deposit committed to her. To honour and reverence the moment of consecration she has surrounded it by observances, all under the strictest system of laws—a beautiful code, ratified by her earthly lawgiver the Pope. These laws—the Rubrics—descend to the most minute particulars, and must be known and understood by every Priest, and form a part of his studies.

To understand and reverence the moment of consecration, her infants are trained on the mother's knee. "If you go to church you must kneel down and bow your head, and strike your breast at the consecration," each mother makes the condition upon which her babe, perhaps of two years old, accompanies her to the house of God. "Why must I?" "Because Jesus comes down from heaven then, and rests upon the altar," is the simple reply to be added to, and enlarged upon, as the tender intellect advances, in the weekly catechism, by the "nursing father," the appointed Pastor of that infant; who takes up the mother's sacred tale, and brings the babe to comprehend by every method ingenuity can suggest, the reason why Christ comes down daily upon the altar of his village church; the nature of sin, and the necessity to him that Christ died, and applies it to his own childish feelings and opening ideas; and brings all his intelligence to bear upon the moment when that sacrifice is presented before him at the consecration in the Mass; and guides him to offer his "best prayers at the consecration," and puts words into his mouth to utter, according with his disposition and habits. He has been taught by the crucifix his first lesson on the sufferings of Christ, and to bend his tiny knee before it; to ask for pardon of his faults. This is a lesson addressed to his senses; but it prepares him for the next, which is addressed to his faith. The same Jesus he has seen hanging on the cross a bleeding sacrifice for him, and whose sacred wounds he has kissed and wept over with the artless feeling of a baby's sympathy; that same Saviour his Pastor now tells him, sacrifices Himself again for him every time the Mass is offered; the Mass, he is told

* The time appointed for the annual commemoration of the institution of the adorable sacrament of the altar, begins on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday. Chosen by the church, because she is then at leisure to give the whole of her thoughts and devotions to the contemplation of this her inestimable blessing. On the actual anniversary of its institution, Holy Thursday, she is too much absorbed in grief in the commemoration of the sufferings of Christ, to be able to offer the thanksgiving due to God, for this his dearest gift to her.

A week is dedicated to the honouring and rejoicing in this holy sacrament.

in language he can understand, being a continuatory sacrifice of that of Calvary, and embodying in itself all its efficacy. "Think if you saw your dear Jesus dying on the cross for you, should you not love Him above every thing; and should you not be very serious, and join your prayers to his sufferings, and ask Him to pardon your sins, and give you grace to sin no more? This is just what you must think of at the consecration. For Jesus just as really offers Himself to God from that altar, as he did from the cross on Mount Calvary." It is easy from this to go on to teach the child to be devout and reverent at this holy moment, and to fix his attention to this glorious centre, whence all his future feelings and sources of action are to spring.

Yes, the consecration of the Mass is a glorious centre to the Roman Catholic, from the cradle to the grave, towards which he turns alike in sorrow and in joy. A glowing brilliant focus, into which every ray of the light of the love of God is collected, till it becomes too bright even for the eye of faith to behold, and the soul bows down and screens itself at that moment, and draws the curtain of the tabernacle between itself and God. And tears gush from the eyes of the believer, and he implores to be placed "in the hole of the Rock," and to be protected by the "right hand" which created him, while the Lord passes by; for he trembles, lest by his nearness he should see his glory and die.

But he feels the presence of his Saviour; and the light and warmth it sheds over his soul will be with him throughout the day, enkindling the fervour of his devotions, cherishing his faith, animating his hope, and feeding his charity; guiding his feelings, his thoughts, his words, his actions, to God.

After pronouncing the words of consecration, the Priest kneels to adore, and then elevates the sacred host for the adoration of the people. He does the same by the chalice. A bell is rung to announce this to the congregation; and the church bell is rung to announce it to the persons who are not at church, that they may unite with those within, in adoration of their present Saviour. On Sundays and days of obligation, it is the express duty of those who are prevented being present, to unite during the whole of the Mass with the congregation; on other days pious persons do so from devotion, as far as their occupations allow of it. The time of Mass is always a time of devotional feeling, less or more. Persons working out in the fields, unite with all the seriousness their retired situation is so favourable to. It is pleasant to walk out during the early masses of a morning, on the way to some later Mass in another village, at which we wish to be present. You see an old woman kneeling on the grass, watching her piece of linen, laid out to whiten; as you pass, she greets you kindly—"You are going to Mass—I must pray here this morning"—or a little girl overtakes you with her cheerful "Good-day—I am rather late for the Mass, so I must begin as I go along; but I shall be in time for the Gospel."—Religion is so natural to a Catholic. He always speaks of his religious duties as a something which is before every thing else, and supposes every

body thinks the same; and in the Mass he imagines he has the sympathy of every Christian. He cannot imagine what religion is without the Mass. My neighbours here have put all sorts of inquiries to me, trying to understand what the religion of England is; it seems to them to have neither meaning nor end; just as the subjects and villagers of king David could not have comprehended a religion without sacrifice. As they had their sheep, and oxen, and turtle-doves, and cakes, and fine flour, so we have the reality of what these things were the symbols. The first words which our church utters after the most sacred moments of consecration, are a declaration to God that we are "calling to mind the passion of the same Christ our Lord." It is the sacrifice of the new law that we are offering, and Calvary is present with us. The whole of the Mass is the representation of a solemn tragedy, if we may so speak, of a scene in which there is reality, instead of a representation of reality.

The believer speaks with Jesus—"I see Thee affixed to the cross by thy ineffable love to us, Jesus my Redeemer. Thy death upon the cross passes before me in this thy mystical death upon the altar. We have seen Thee in thy Priest kneeling in the garden. He has shown Thee to us, dragged from tribunal to tribunal, by the midnight torch. He has raised Thee on the cross, in the elevation of the sacred elements. We have heard thy last loud cry: we have heard Thee say, "It is finished"—and all is over. Now thou liest ready to be consumed. "We offer, therefore, O Lord, unto thy most excellent Majesty, the gift which thou hast bestowed upon us, a pure host, a holy host, an unspotted host, the holy bread of eternal life, and chalice of everlasting salvation. Upon which vouchsafe to look with a propitious and serene countenance, and to accept it, as thou wert graciously pleased to accept the gifts of thy just servant Abel, and the sacrifices of our patriarch Abraham, and that which thy high-priest Melchisedech offered to thee, a holy sacrifice, and unspotted victim."

But we are not fit to bear the holy victim ourselves into thy almighty presence; therefore "we most humbly beseech thee, O God, to command these things to be carried by the hands of thy holy angels to thy altar on high, in the sight of thy divine Majesty."

Command the gates of heaven to "lift up their heads," and the "everlasting doors to be lifted up," for we bring a Gift that will secure us an entrance. Unworthy as we are ourselves, choirs of angels accompany us, and thousands of thousands are waiting to welcome us. Already we hear "a voice as of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder," and "the sound of harpers, harping on their harps," and the "song of the hundred and four-and-twenty thousand." We see the cherubim and seraphim begin to veil their faces, "circling the throne, and singing:" "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, we approach the altar of God—the God who giveth joy." The holocaust is raised upon this altar.

Now is the golden sceptre held out to us—

"What will ye that I should do unto you?"

Now we kneel within the jasper walls, and on the

street of the city whose gates are pearls, lighted by "a light which is like unto a precious stone," and which shines from the altar on which our offering is laid, for it is *our* Lamb which is the light of heaven. We have borne Him hither veiled in the lowly elements of a small piece of bread, and a drop of wine; but now we read his title by his own light, as he lies a burnt-offering for us—"written on his garment, and on his thigh,"

"KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS."

What shall we ask at this fervent moment? Our church teaches us—"that we who partake of the most sacred Body and Blood of thy Son at this altar, may be filled with every heavenly grace and blessing." Now angels and archangels, saints and martyrs, and apostles, kneel and adore with us around our sacred fire." Grant to us sinners, thy servants, confiding in the multitude of thy mercies, some part and fellowship with them—with John the beloved disciple, leaning now once more on his Master's bosom—with Stephen who left not off to pray for others, even amidst torments, surely he prays for us and with us now he is comforted—with Ignatius thy early martyr devoured by lions—and Agnes the sweet child, whose infant hands were too small to be retained within the iron grasp of her persecutors, but whose faith held her bound to the martyrdom she had willingly accepted.

We must return to earthly feelings, and thoughts, and occupations; but let our "conversation still be here amidst this holy multitude." Admit us into their company, by communing even while on earth, we beseech thee, not in consideration of our merit, but of thy own gratuitous pardon,

Through Christ our Lord—our sin-offering—"by whom, O Lord, thou dost always create, sanctify, quicken, bless, and give us all these good things—by Him, and with Him, and in Him, is to thee God the Father almighty, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, all honour and glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

Let us now in the accepted time experience the force and efficacy of prayer; and because we have not words to join in such an august assembly while they supplicate for us and with us, we take the words which Christ himself taught us, and say, Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen.

Deliver us, we beseech thee, from all evils, past, present, and to come. But we are feeble in prayer. Let thy saints continue to pray for us, while the smoke of the incense still rises, O Lord, that our petitions may be worthy to be heard; and that we lose not by our imperfect, dull, lukewarm manner of asking, the advantage of this season of grace. "By the intercession of the blessed and ever-glorious Virgin Mary, Mother of God, and of the holy apostles Peter and Paul, and of Andrew, and of all the saints, mercifully grant peace in our days; that through the assistance of thy mercy we may be always free from sin, and

secure from all disturbance. Through the same Jesus Christ our Lord, who with Thee and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth God, world without end. Amen.

Hear us now we unite in their solemn cry; hear us, Victim of salvation. We have cried to the eternal Father on his highest throne; now we cast our weeping eyes on Thee as Thou liest on the altar before that throne—our Lamb for a holocaust—for a sin-offering—for a peace-offering.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, Have mercy on us

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, Have mercy on us.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, Give us peace.

Lord Jesus Christ, who saidst to thy apostles, "I leave you peace, I give you my peace," regard not our sins; but the faith of thy church; and grant her that peace and unity which is agreeable to thy will; who livest and reignest for ever and ever. Amen.

Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, who according to the will of thy Father, hast by thy death, through the co-operation of the Holy Ghost, given life to the world, deliver us by this thy most sacred Body and Blood from all our iniquities, and from all evils; and make us always adhere to thy commandments, and never suffer us to be separated from thee; who livest and reignest with God the Father, and God the Holy Ghost, for ever and ever. Amen.

"Sacrifice is an act of religion by which we offer to God something, which in the oblation that is made is destroyed or changed, to recognize the sovereign power of God over his creatures."

This remains to be effected by the communion of the priest. Holding the sacred host in his hands he says,

"I will take the Bread of heaven and call upon the name of the Lord."

Then striking his breast with humility and devotion, he says thrice,

"Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst come under my roof; say but the word, and my soul shall be healed."

At each repetition of these words a bell is rung to warn the congregation to unite in offering the sacrifice to God, and it is a solemn moment again with them. Every one must be on their knees, and each person strikes their breast with the priest, and puts up some fervent petition to God, asking for a holy death, perhaps at this moment of the mystical death of Christ; or asking pardon for the sins of their whole life, or of some one grievous sin in particular.

The priest bows, leaning over the altar and adoring, and then receiving reverently the host, he says,

"May the body of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve my body and soul to life everlasting. Amen."

Some time elapses between his receiving the sacred elements, and this is a time of very fervent devotion in our congregations. It is very beautiful to be at the farther end of the church at this moment; every creature on their knees with their heads turned and raised towards the altar, every hand extended, like

Aaron's, in earnest supplication. The Priest proceeds to receive the Blood of our Saviour.

"May the Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve my soul to everlasting life. Amen."

The child now ascends the Altar steps with water and wine, which are poured into the sacred chalice to cleanse it; these are taken by the priest as containing necessarily some portion of his holy treasure.

Then follow a few prayers, with that called the Communion, and those called the Post Communion, and which vary in accordance with the Collects and Secrets.

Turning then to the congregation, the priest says, "May the Lord be with you." To which they in spirit reply, "And with thy spirit."

He then says—"The Mass is ended."

Turning again towards the altar, the priest offers the service in which we have been engaged to the Holy Trinity; and asks that it may be propitiatory for himself and for us all.

Then turning, he raises his hand and blesses us, which benediction we receive kneeling.

A portion of the Gospel of St. John is then read, and those who choose, or who are obliged, leave the church. The priest remains for private prayer, sometimes in the sacristy, sometimes in the church; and the people remain more or less to pray, as it is a leisure, or a busy day. Sometimes the church is as full half an hour after service, as during the service; sometimes there is only a very few remain, but I think I have never seen the church quite empty immediately after Mass.

[To be continued.]

ON AN INFANT SMILING AS IT AWOKE.

AFTER the sleep of night, as some still lake

Displays the cloudless Heavens in reflection,

And, dimpled by the breezes, seems to break

Into a waking smile of recollection,

As if from its calm depths the morning light

Call'd up the pleasant dreams that gladden'd night:—

So does the azure of those laughing eyes

Reflect a mental Heaven of thine own;

In that illumined smile I recognize

The sunlight of a sphere to us unknown;

Thou hast been dreaming of some previous bliss.

In other worlds, for thou art new to this.

Hast thou been wafted to Elysian bowers,

In some blest star where thou hadst pre-existence;

Inhaled the ecstatic fragrant of flowers

Around the golden harps of Seraphs twisted,

Or heard those nightingales of Paradise

Pour thrilling songs and choral harmonies?

Perchance all breathing life is but an essence

From the great Fountain Spirit in the sky,

And thou hast dream'd of that transcendent presence

Whence thou hast fall'n, a dew-drop from on high,

Destined to lose, as thou shalt mix with earth,

Those bright recollections of thy heavenly birth.

We deem thy mortal memory not begun,

But hast thou no remembrance of the past—

No lingering twilight of a former sun,

Which o'er thy slumbering faculties hath cast

Shadows of unimaginable things,

Too high or deep for human fathomings?

Perchance, while reason's earliest flush is brightening

Athwart thy brain, celestial sights are given;

As skies that open to let out the lightning

Disclose a transitory glimpse of Heaven;

And thou art wrapt in visions, all too bright

For aught but Cherubim and Infant's sight.

Emblem of heavenly purity and bliss—

Mysterious type which none can understand,

Let me with reverence approach to kiss

Limbs lately touch'd by the Creator's hand:

So awful art thou, that I feel more prone

To claim thy blessing than bestow mine own.

SMITH.

DEFENCE OF THE CASTLE OF TRINITY.

THE following interesting account relative to the defence of the Castle of Trinity, in Spain, by the English, the capture of which by the French was a necessary prelude to the fall of Rosas, is extracted from a work, entitled, *The Naval Officer*. The author was actively engaged in the affair which he recounts:—

"One morning, very early, I happened to have the look-out. The streaks of fog which during the night hangs between the hills in that country, and presses down into the valleys, had just begun to rise, and the stars to grow more dim above our heads, when I was looking over the castle wall towards the breach. The captain came out and asked me what I was looking at. I told him I hardly knew, but there did appear something unusual in the valley, immediately below the breach. He listened a moment—looked attentively with his night-glass—and exclaimed in his firm voice, but in an undertoned manner—"To arms—they are coming!" In three minutes every man was at his post; and though all were quick, there was no time to spare, for by this time the black column of the enemy was distinctly visible, curling along the valley like a great centipede, and, with the daring enterprise so common among the troops of Napoleon, had begun in silence to mount the breach. It was an awful and eventful moment; but the coolness and determination of the little garrison was equal to the occasion. The word was given to take good aim, and a volley from the masked guns and musketry was poured into the thick of them. They paused—deep groans ascended! They retreated a few paces in confusion, then rallied, and again advanced to the attack; and now the fire on both sides was kept up without intermission. The great guns from the hill fort, and the Swiss sharpshooters, still nearer, poured copious volleys upon us, and with loud shouts cheered on their comrades to the assault. As they approached and covered our mine, the train was fired, and up they went in the air, and down they fell buried in the ruins! Groans, screams, French yells, British huzzas, rent the sky! The hills resounded with the shouts of victory! We sent them hand-grenades in abundance, and broke their shins in glorious style! I must say that the French behaved nobly, though many a tall grenadier and pioneer fell by the symbol in front of his warlike cap. We all fought like bull-dogs, for we knew there was no quarter to be given. Ten minutes had elapsed since the firing began, and in that time many a brave fellow had bit the dust. The head of their attacking column had been destroyed by the explosion of our mine. Still they

had re-formed, and were again half way up the breach when the day began to dawn; and we saw a chosen body of one thousand men, led on by their colonel, and advancing over the dead which had just fallen. The gallant leader appeared to be as cool and composed as if he were at breakfast; with his drawn sword he pointed to the breach, and we heard him exclaim, "*Suivez moi!*" I felt jealous of this brave fellow—jealous of his being a Frenchman; and I threw a lighted hand-grenade between his feet—he picked it up, and threw it from him to a considerable distance. 'Cool chap enough that,' said the captain, who stood close to me; 'I'll give him another,' which he did, but this the officer kicked away with equal *sang froid* and dignity. 'Nothing will cure that fellow,' resumed the captain, 'but an ounce of lead on an empty stomach—it's a pity too, to kill so fine a fellow—but there is no help for it.' So saying, he took a musket out of my hand, which I had just loaded—aimed, fired—the colonel staggered, clapped his hand to his breast, and fell back into the arms of some of his men, who threw down their muskets, and took him on their shoulders, either unconscious or perfectly regardless of the death-work which was going on around them. The firing redoubled from our musketry on this little group, every man of whom was either killed or wounded. The colonel, again left to himself, tottered a few paces farther, till he reached a small bush, not ten yards from the spot where he received his mortal wound. Here he fell; his sword, which he still grasped in his right hand, rested on the boughs, and pointed upwards to the sky as directing the road to the spirit of its gallant master. With the life of the colonel, ended the hopes of the French for that day. The officers, we could perceive, did their duty—cheered, encouraged, and drove on their men, but all in vain! We saw them pass their swords through the bodies of the fugitives; but the men did not even mind that—they would only be killed in their own way—they had had fighting enough for one breakfast. The first impulse, the fiery onset, had been checked by the fall of their brave leader; and *saive qui peut*, whether coming from the officers or drummers, no matter which, terminated the affair, and we were left a little time to breathe, and to count the number of our dead. The moment the French perceived from their batteries that the attempt had failed, and that the leader of the enterprise was dead, they poured in an angry fire upon us. I stuck my hat on the bayonet of my musket, and just showed it above the wall. A dozen bullets were through it in a minute: very fortunately, my head was not in it! The fire of the batteries having ceased, which it generally did at stated periods, we had an opportunity of examining the point of attack. Scaling ladders and dead bodies lay in profusion. All the wounded had been removed; but what magnificent 'food for powder' were the bodies which lay before us!—all, it would seem, picked men; not one less than six feet, and some more: they were clad in their grey capots, to render their appearance more *sombre* and less discernable in the twilight of the morning; and as the weather was cold during the nights, I secretly determined to have one of these great-coats as a *chère amie* to keep me warm in night-watches. I also resolved to have the colonel's sword to present to my captain; and as soon as it was dark I walked down the breach, brought up one of the scaling ladders, which I deposited in the castle; and, having done so much for the king, I set out to do something for myself. It was pitch dark. I stumbled on; the wind blew a hurricane, and the dust and mortar almost blinded me; but I knew my way pretty well. Yet there was something very jackal-like in wandering about among dead bodies in the night-time, and I really felt a horror at my situation. There was a dreadful stillness between the blasts, which the pitch darkness

made peculiarly awful to an unfortified mind. It is for this reason that I would ever discourage night-attacks, unless you can rely on your men. They generally fail; because the man of common bravery, who would acquit himself fairly in broad day-light, will hang back during the night. Fear and Darkness have always been firm allies, and are inseparably playing into each other's hands. Darkness conceals Fear, and therefore Fear loves Darkness, because it saves the coward from shame; and when the fear of shame is the only stimulus to fight, day-light is essentially necessary. I crept cautiously along, feeling for the dead bodies. The first I laid my hand on made my blood curdle. It was the lacerated thigh of a grenadier, whose flesh had been torn off by a hand-grenade. 'Friend,' said I, 'if I may judge from the nature of your wound, your great-coat is not worth having.' The next subject I handled had been better killed. A musket-ball through his head had settled all his tradesmen's bills; and I hesitated not in becoming residuary legatee, as I was sure the assets would more than discharge the undertaker's bill; but the body was cold and stiff, and did not readily yield its garment. I, however, succeeded in obtaining my object; in which I arrayed myself, and went on in search of the colonel's sword; but here I had been anticipated by a Frenchman. The colonel, indeed, lay there, stiff enough, but his sword was gone. I was preparing to return, when I encountered, not a dead, but a living enemy. '*Qui vive?*' said a low voice. '*Anglois bête!*' answered I, in a low tone; and added, '*mais les corsaires ne se battent pas.*'—'*C'est vrai,*' said he; and growling, '*bon soir,*' he was soon out of sight. I scrambled back to the castle, gave the countersign to the sentinel, and showed my new great-coat with a vast deal of glee and satisfaction; some of my comrades went on the same sort of expedition, and were rewarded with more or less success. In a few days, the dead bodies on the breach were nearly denuded by nightly visitors; but that of the colonel lay respected and untouched. The heat of the day had blackened it, and it was now deprived of all its manly beauty, and nothing remained but a loathsome corpse. The rules of war, as well as of humanity, demanded the honourable interment of the remains of this hero; and our captain, who was the very flower of chivalry, desired me to stick a white handkerchief on a pike, as a flag of truce, and bury the bodies, if the enemy would permit us. I went out accordingly, with a spade and a pick-axe; but the tirailleurs on the hill began with their rifles, and wounded one of my men. I looked at the captain, as much as to say, 'Am I to proceed?' He motioned with his hand to go on, and I then began digging a hole by the side of a dead body, and the enemy, seeing my intention, desisted from firing. I had buried several, when the captain came out and joined me, with a view of reconnoitring the position of the enemy. He was seen from the fort and recognised, and his intention pretty accurately guessed at. We were near the body of the colonel, which we were going to inter; when the captain, observing a diamond ring on the finger of the corpse, said to one of the sailors, 'You may just as well take that off; it can be of no use to him now.' The man tried to get it off, but the rigidity of the muscle after death, prevented his moving it. 'He won't feel your knife, poor fellow,' said the captain; 'and a finger more or less is no great matter to him now; off with it.' The sailor began to saw the finger-joint with his knife, when down came a twenty-four pound shot, and with such a good direction, that it took the shoe off the man's foot, and the shovel out of the hand of another man. 'In with him, and cover him up!' said the captain. We did so; when another shot, not quite so well directed as the first, threw the dirt in our faces, and ploughed the ground at our feet. The captain then ordered his men to

run into the castle, which they instantly obeyed; while he himself walked leisurely along through a shower of musket-balls from those hireling Swiss dogs, whom I most fervently wished far away, because, as an aid-de-camp, I felt bound in honour as well as duty to walk by the side of my captain, fully expecting every moment that a rifle-ball would have hit me where all brave men do not like to be hit. I thought this funeral pace, after the funeral was over, confounded nonsense; but my fire-eating captain never had run away from a Frenchman, and did not intend to begin then. I was behind him, making these reflections; and as the shot began to fly very thick, I stepped up alongside of him, and by degrees brought him between me and the fire. "Sir," said I, "as I am only a midshipman, I don't care so much about honour as you do; and, therefore, if it makes no difference to you, I'll take the liberty of getting under your lee." He laughed, and said, "I did not know you were here, for I meant you should have gone with the others; but since you are out of your station, I will make that use of you, which you so ingeniously proposed to make of me. My life may be of some importance here; but yours very little, and another midshipman can be had from the ship only for asking; so just drop astern, if you please, and do duty as a breast-work for me!" "Certainly, Sir," said I, "by all means;" and I took my station accordingly. "Now," said the captain, "if you are doubled up, I will take you on my shoulders!" I expressed myself exceedingly obliged, not only for the honour he had conferred on me, but also for that which he intended; but hoped I should have no occasion to trouble him. Whether the enemy took pity on my youth and innocence, or whether they purposely missed us, I cannot say; I only know I was very happy when I found myself inside the castle with a whole skin; and should very readily have reconciled myself to any measure which would have restored me even to the comforts and conveniences of a man-of-war's cockpit."

IRISH HOSPITALITY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

THE hut was low, built of shingles; it consisted of but one room. Nevertheless it was clean, orderly, and to us, accustomed to southern cottages, comfortable. An old woman was spinning, and a cheerful girl, plain, but of pleasant countenance, was in the act of putting some small fish into the everlasting three-legged pot. "Ech!" she exclaimed, "but the leddy is wet;" and down she knelt to pull off our shoes and chafe our feet, while the good dame hung up our dripping cloaks, and assured us it would be fine by-and-bye; and then she would have us sit close to the fire; and after some whispering between mother and daughter, a little round table was brought from the dark corner, and covered by a clean white cloth; and the little fishes were dished, and potatoes, full and floury, raked from out of the ashes; and if we had not partaken of this genuine hospitality, we should have given offence to those who meant so kindly. The old woman spoke with clannish devotion of her old landlord, Dr. M'Donnell. She only wished he was able to come to Murlough Bay, and then she was sure he would build her another "house." She was quite self-possessed from the moment we entered until we departed; there was no southern shyness mingled with the national hospitality; the ease of manner of this poor woman and her daughter was perfectly well bred. When she had placed all she had to offer, both asked permission to resume their wheels; and they conversed with us, and speculated on

the weather. And the old woman spoke of the traditional feuds between the Macquillans and the M'Donnells, and assured us that Fairhead was better worth seeing than the Causeway, and told how her husband and her other children were at "work" in the doctor's fields. And at last, when the boat came in sight, and the rain ceased, she rose, and "cloaked" us carefully, and clasping her hands, bade God bless us, with rustic grace and earnestness we have not forgotten; the girl watched our departure, but the mother immediately returned to her wheel. We have often thought of the humble cottage of Murlough Bay. We do not remember to have seen one where industry and cheerfulness made a braver stand against poverty. We have been in many huts, where the inmates sat unrepiningly, side by side with misery, as if it were their sister; but here was resolve to displace misery by industry—the effort gave dignity of independence to the poor inmates.

FATAL INSTANCE OF FANATICISM,

Which occurred near Charlestown, South Carolina.

THE family of Dutartres, consisting of four sons and four daughters, were descendants of French refugees, who came into Carolina after the revocation of the edict of Nantz. They lived in Orange Quarter, and, though low in circumstances, always maintained an honest character, and were esteemed by their neighbours persons of blameless, irreproachable lives.

But at this time a strolling Moravian preacher happening to come to that quarter where they lived, insinuated himself into their family, and partly by conversation, and partly by the writings of Jacob Behmen, which he put into their hands, filled their heads with wild and fantastic ideas. Unhappily for the poor family, those strange notions gained ground on them, insomuch that in one year they began to withdraw themselves from the ordinances of public worship, and all conversation with the world around them, and strongly to imagine they were the only family on earth who had the knowledge of the true God, and whom he vouchsafed to instruct, either by the immediate influence of his Spirit, or by tokens from Heaven. At length, it came to open visions and revelations: God raised up a prophet among them like unto Moses, to whom he taught them to hearken. This prophet was Peter Rombert, who married the eldest daughter of the family when a widow. To this man the Author and Governor of the world deigned to reveal, in the plainest manner, that the wickedness of man was again so great in the world, that, as in the days of Noah, he was determined to destroy all from off the face of it, except one family, whom he would save for raising up a godly seed upon earth. This revelation Peter Rombert was sure of, and felt it as plain as the wind blowing on his body; and the rest of the family, with equal confidence and presumption, firmly believed it.

A few days after this, God was pleased to reveal himself a second time to the prophet, saying, "Put away the woman whom thou hast for thy wife; and when I have destroyed this wicked generation, I will raise up her first husband from the dead, and they shall be man and wife as before; and go thou and take to wife her youngest sister, so shall the chosen family be restored entire, and the holy word be preserved pure and undefiled in it." At first, the father, when he heard of this revelation, was staggered at so extraordinary a command

from Heaven; but the prophet assured him that God would give him a sign, which accordingly happened; upon which the old man took his daughter by the hand, and gave her to the wise prophet immediately for his wife. Thus, for some time, he continued in acts of wickedness until that period which made the fatal discovery, and introduced the bloody scene of blind fanaticism and madness.

Those deluded wretches were so far possessed with a false conceit of their own righteousness and holiness, and of the horrid wickedness of all others, that they refused obedience to the civil magistrate, and all laws and ordinances of men. Upon pretence that God commanded them to bear no arms, they not only refused to comply with the militia law, but also the law for repairing the highways. After a long forbearance, Mr. Simmons, a worthy magistrate, and the officer of the militia in that quarter, found it necessary to issue his warrants for the penalty of the laws upon them. The constable having received his warrants, and being apprehensive of meeting with no good usage in the execution of his office, prevailed on two or three of his neighbours to go along with him. The family observed the constable coming, and being apprised of his errand, consulted their prophet, who soon told them that God commanded them to arm and defend themselves against persecution, and their substance against the robberies of ungodly men; assuring them, at the same time, that no weapon formed against them should prosper. Accordingly they did so, and laying hold of their arms, fired on the constable and his followers, and drove them out of their plantation. Such behaviour was not to be tolerated; and therefore Captain Simmons gathered a party of militia, and went to protect his constable in the execution of his office. When the deluded family saw the justice and his party approaching, they shut themselves up in their house, and firing from it like furies, shot Captain Simmons dead on the spot, and wounded several of his party.

The militia returned the fire, killed one woman within the house, and afterwards forcibly entering it, took the rest prisoners, six in number, and brought them to Charlestown.

At the court of general sessions, held in September, 1725, three of them were brought to trial, found guilty, and condemned. Alas! miserable creatures, what amazing infatuation possessed them!

They pretended they had the Spirit of God leading them in all truth; they knew it, and felt it; but this Spirit, instead of influencing them to obedience, purity, and peace, commanded them to commit rebellion, sin, and murder. What is still more astonishing, the principal persons among them, I mean the prophet, the father of the family, and Michael Boneau, never were convinced of their delusion, but persisted in it until their last breath. During their trial, they appeared altogether unconcerned and secure, affirming, that God was on their side, and therefore they feared not what man could do unto them. They freely told their story in open court, in all its circumstances and aggravations, with a good countenance, and very readily confessed the facts respecting their rebellion and murder, with which they stood charged, but pleaded their authority from God in vindication of themselves, and insisted that they had done nothing in either case but by his express command.

As it is commonly the duty of clergymen to visit persons under sentence of death, both to convince them of their error and danger, and prepare them for death by bringing them to a penitent disposition, Alexander Garden, the episcopal minis-

ter of Charlestown, to whom we are indebted for this account, attended these condemned persons with great diligence and concern. What they had affirmed in the court of justice, they repeated and confessed to him in like manner in the prison. When he began to reason with them, and to explain to them the heinous nature of their crimes, they treated him with disdain; their motto was, "Answer him not a word; who is he that shall presume to teach them who have the Spirit of God speaking inwardly in their souls?" In all they had done, they said they had obeyed the voice of God, and were now about to suffer martyrdom for his religion; but God had assured them, that he would either work a deliverance for them or raise them up the third day. These things the three men continued confidently to believe, and, notwithstanding all the means used to convince them of their mistake, persisted in the same belief until the moment they expired. At their execution, they told the spectators, with seeming triumph, they should soon see them again, for they were certain they should rise from the dead on the third day.

With respect to the other three, the daughter, Judith, was not tried; and the two sons, David and John Dutarte, about eight-and-twenty years of age, having been also tried and condemned, continued sullen and reserved, in hopes of seeing those that were executed rise from the dead; but, being disappointed, they became, or, at least, seemed to become, sensible of their error, and were both pardoned; yet, not long afterwards, one of them relapsed into the same snare, murdered an innocent person without either provocation or previous quarrel, and for no other reason, as he confessed, but that God had commanded him to do so. Being a second time brought to trial, he was found guilty of murder and condemned. Mr. Garden attended him again under the second sentence, acknowledged with great appearance of success. No man could appear more deeply sensible of error and delusion, or could die a more sincere and hearty penitent on account of his horrid crimes. With great attention he listened to Mr. Garden, while he explained to him the terms of pardon and salvation proposed in the Gospel, and seemed to die in the humble hopes of mercy, through the all-sufficient merits of a Redeemer.

Thus ended that tragical scene of fanaticism, in which seven persons lost their lives—one was killed, two were murdered, and four executed for the murders: a signal and melancholy instance of the weakness and frailty of human nature, and to what giddy heights of extravagance and madness an inflamed imagination guided by private judgment of Scripture will carry unfortunate mortals.

EFFECTS OF LIGHT ON THE COLOUR OF FLOWERS.

In the month of June I had in a flower-pot a bunch of sweet-williams, of a dark crimson, forming part of a nosegay. They stood in my parlour on the mantelpiece. Some of the buds opened in this situation, and displayed a white flower, slightly spotted with pale pink. There was a window next the mantelpiece, and though there was considerable light, it appears there was not sufficient to perfect colour. I can assign no other reason for this phenomena, which seems to prove the effect of the light on the colour of flowers, unless we can suppose that the plant, when in the ground, imbibes from the earth certain mineral and metallic particles in peculiar chemical combination, which may, by circulating through the fine tissues of the corolla, serve to give colour by reflection of certain rays of light to the eye of the observer, according to the theory of colours.

THOUGHTS AND THINGS WORTH NOTING.

Education.—Education is a companion which no misfortune can repress, no climate destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave. At home, a friend; abroad, an introduction; in solitude, a solace; in society, an ornament. It chastens vice; it gives at once a grace, an ornament to genius. Without it what is man? A splendid slave—a reasoning slave.

Habits.—Habit hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind, that there is scarcely any thing too strange or too strong to be asserted of it. The story of the miser, who, from long accustoming to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself, and with great delight and triumph picked his own pocket of a guinea, to convey to his hoard, is not impossible nor improbable. In like manner it fares with the practisers of deceit, who, from having long derived their acquaintance, gain, at last, a power of deceiving themselves, and acquire that very opinion, however false, of their own abilities, excellencies, and virtues, into which they have, for many years, perhaps, endeavoured to betray their neighbours.

Happiness.—That man, who, to the utmost of his power, augments the great mass of public or individual happiness, will, under every institution, and in spite of all opposition, be the happiest of all men himself.

Pursuit of Knowledge.—He that enlarges his curiosity after the works of nature, demonstrably multiplies the inlets to happiness; therefore, we should cherish ardour in the pursuit of useful knowledge, and remember that a blighted spring makes a barren year, and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only intended by nature as preparatives to autumnal fruits.

Thought.—A man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket, and write down the thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought for, are commonly the most valuable, and should be secured, because they seldom return.

Order.—"If the head aches, all the members of the body are more or less disabled," says the Latin aphorism. So in the body politic, and throughout the various departments in which the multifarious concerns of this world are transacted, if the presiding genius to whom is entrusted the direction of any particular branch should be found incompetent, from whatever cause, he must be replaced, or disorder suddenly creeps into the affairs under his superintendence, and soon renders his office a needless burden to his employers.

Electric excitements are silently destroyed by various causes. 1. The degree of moisture in the atmosphere. 2. The angular points in the machine, or the apartment; and, 3. the imperfect insulation. It lasts from half-an-hour to two hours, but a charged far often retains dangerous force for some days.

Ideas.—The ideas of right and wrong in human conduct are never observable in a young child. How many little acts of an injurious nature would he commit if not restrained, without knowing that they were injurious! He seizes every thing within his reach, without any sensations relative to justice or injustice. The hamoured child always thinks that he has a right to every thing that he desires, and resents a refusal as an injustice and cruelty. The little tyrant behaves, in his small circle, like great tyrants in their large spheres, as if the whole creation were at their disposal, or formed for their sole gratification.

Female Education.—It seems, sometimes odd enough, that when young ladies are so sedulously taught by the world all the accomplishments that a husband disregards, they are seldom taught the great one he would prize. They are taught to be exhibitors—he wants a companion. He wants neither a singing animal, nor a drawing animal, nor a dancing animal—he wants a talking animal. But to talk they are never taught, all they know of it is slander, and that too often "comes by nature." COLTON.

England's Possessions.—Mr. Webster, the American statesman, has declared that England's possession of commanding points in all quarters of the globe gives her an amount of power equal to 1,000,000 of men under arms; and eloquently describes them as a line of possessions and military posts, where the morning drum beats, following the sun and accompanying the hours, and circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

LINES WRITTEN IN RICHMOND CHURCH-YARD, YORKSHIRE.

"It is good for us to be here; If thou wilt let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias." *Matt. xviii. 4.*

METHINKS it is good to be here:

If thou wilt let us build—but for whom?

Nor *Elias* nor *Moses* appear,

But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to *Ambition*? Oh, no!

Affrighted he shrinketh away.

For see! he would fix him below,

In a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To *Beauty*?—Ah, no! she forgets

The charms which she wielded before—

Nor knows the foul worm that he frets

The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of *Pride*?

The trappings which 'dizen the proud!

Alas! they are all laid aside;

And here's neither dress nor adornment allow'd,

But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud!

To *Riches*?—Alas! 'tis in vain;

Who hid, in their turns have been hid;

The treasures are squandered again;

And here in the grave are all metals forbid,

But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin lid.

To the pleasures which *Mirth* can afford—

The revel, the laugh, and the jeer!

Ah! here is a plentiful board!

But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,

And none but the worm is a reveller here!

Shall we build to *Affection* and *Love*?

Ah, no! they have wither'd and died,

Or fled with the spirit above;

Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,

Yet none have saluted and none have replied!

Unto *Sorrow*?—The dead cannot grieve;

Not a sob not a sigh meets mine ear,

Which Compassion itself could relieve,

Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, nor fear—

Peace! peace is the watch-word, the only one here!

Unto *Death*, to whom monarchs must bow?

Ah, no! for his empire is known,

And here there are trophies enow!

Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,

Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown!

The first tabernacle to *Hope* we will build,

And look for the sleepers around us to rise;

The second to *Faith*, which insures it full;

And the third to the *Lamb* of the great sacrifice,

Who bequeath'd us them both when He rose to the skies.

EXTRACTS FROM

"SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS IN FOREIGN CHURCHES
AND AMONG FOREIGN PEOPLES."

By Frederic Faber, M.A. Fellow of University College, Oxford.

[Continued from page 105.]

FEASTS AND FASTS ASSIST EVER IN PRESERVING
THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH.

"In the second place the Greek Church has been kept together and in health by the pious observation of her fasts and feasts. This was observed by an English writer in the seventeenth century, and must be obvious to those who have travelled there. Indeed there is in our nature so great a tendency to debase and corrupt every thing, that religion, when sundered from external observances, rapidly evaporates into systems of feelings and words, and the concentrated power of faith is dispersed into a mere feeble literary opinion. Where sound words are not laid up within the consecrated precincts of a creed or symbolical hymn, right belief quickly disappears in the dissonance of conflicting sects. Where devout cravings are not gathered up and collected into liturgies, zeal rapidly becomes profaneness, fear degenerates into gloom, and love is lost in sinful familiarity. There is no true liberty of prayer except in this sweet imprisonment. This is one consideration; and another is, that in the very ancient liturgies, the receding waters of antiquity have deposited many a scrap and spar of apostolical usage and tradition, which, embedded in the soil, diffuse fertility around them, and give to the liturgy a power over the soul beyond its own power, and a sacred character which makes it venturesome to shift a single attitude or gesture of worship exhibited therein. And further, to a people like the Greeks, under the Mahometan yoke, without books, or, in most cases, the ability to read, such liturgies, with their significant rites and annual commemorations, represented year by year monumentally, as it were, the great facts and truths of the faith. The symbols of church-worship were the books of the people, and constituted their instruction while young, and their edification when come to mature years. This should be borne in mind whenever we speak of the somewhat dangerous extent to which the use of pictures is allowed in the Greek worship, and with which the porch and partition of the soleas are usually covered."

THE LATIN RITUAL.

"I do not wonder you should envy the Latin service-books; for anything more elevating and magnificent than the western ritual is not to be conceived. There is not such another glory upon the earth. It gives to men the tongues of Angels, it images on its bosom the attitudes of Heaven, and it catches glorious shreds of echo from the eternal worship of the Lamb. It has a language of its own, a language of symbols, more luminous, more mystical, more widely spread, than any other language on the earth. I do not wonder you should envy the Latin ritual."

YEARNINGS OF THE HEART TO ROME.

"Behold," continued he, raising his voice, while his face kindled with solemn enthusiasm, "behold, all hearts are turned towards Rome, all eyes fixed upon her in love, hope, fear, and inquiry. Long has her mysterious character been seen, in that men could not feel indifference towards her as towards a common city, but either fond love or bitter hatred has been her portion from every one who cared for the Cross at all. The

contracted limits and narrow sympathies of national churches are again being destroyed. Gallicanism, that vile, unworthy and disloyal child of the selfish Sorbonne, is now scattered for ever to the four winds of Heaven; and the fresh waters imprisoned by the salt sea in your own island are bursting down their barriers, with a sound to which all Europe listens. Oh, by the beauty of old catholic England! Oh, by the memory of the old Saxon saints! I implore you, as a priest consecrating in the shrines of Augustine and of Anselm, to seek daily to feel, and realize, and lean upon the Church catholic, through and beyond your own national branch; throw yourself, with a bold meekness, into the capacious sympathies and magnificent affections of the Church universal; hide yourself in the mighty beating of her universal heart."

SALE OF LIVINGS BELONGING TO THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

Extracted from an American Paper.

IN one of our last English papers we notice, among other property to be disposed of at a public sale, that a congregation of the Established Church was knocked down to the highest bidder for 2,350*l.* sterling; or, in the words of the advertisement, that sum was given for "the next presentation to a Vicarage with an income of 600*l.* per annum, the present incumbent being fifty-nine years of age." We can imagine that an experienced auctioneer would find some difficulty in putting up such an article. A lot of human souls would puzzle a man accustomed to deal in bale goods, and he might find himself embarrassed for language to tempt the reverend speculators to offer an adequate price for the singular commodity in market. A simple inexperienced publican could only say, "How much is offered, reverend traders in souls, for this parcel of church-going, tithe-paying parishioners!—2000*l.*—What, no more for this profitable congregation? Why, gentlemen, it is not half the value—350*l.* more—dog-cheap still. Why, only 2,350*l.* for the power to save or damn so many honest Christians? Is no more bid?—Going—going—gone." In our uncivilized country this would be rather shocking; but in England it is quite the reverse. The salvation of half the kingdom is regularly in the market, and Christian congregations are bought and sold as we dispose of hardware or piece goods; and yet these traffickers in what is most holy and important in this world and the next, think that they are entitled to revile us because we sell the labour of blacks. Such is the force of names and power of prejudice."

A PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

WITH redoubled exertions we now pushed forward towards the camp; but, before we could reach the base of the high and rugged bluff, the flames were dashing down its sides with frightful rapidity, leaping and flashing across the gullies and around the hideous cliffs, and roaring in the deep yawning chasms with the wild and appalling noise of a tornado. As the flames would strike the dry tops of the cedars, reports, resembling those of the musket, would be heard; and in such quick succession did these reports follow each other, that I can compare them to nothing save the irregular discharge of infantry—a strange accompaniment to the wild roar of the devouring element. The wind was blowing fresh from the west when the prairie was first ignited, carrying the flames, with a speed absolutely astounding, over the very ground on which we had travelled during the day. The wind lulled as

the sun went down behind the mountains in the west, and now the fire began to spread slowly in that direction. The difficult passage by which we had descended was cut off by the fire, and night found our party still in the valley, unable to discover any other road to the table land above. Our situation was a dangerous one, too; for, had the wind sprung up and veered into the east, we should have found much difficulty in escaping, with such velocity did the flames extend. If the scene had been grand previous to the going down of the sun, its magnificence was increased tenfold as night in vain attempted to throw its dark mantle over the earth. The light from acres and acres, I might say miles and miles, of inflammable and blazing cedars, illuminated earth and sky with a radiance even more lustrous and dazzling than that of the noon-day sun. Ever and anon, as some one of our comrades would approach the brow of the high bluff above us, he appeared not like an inhabitant of this earth. A lurid and most unnatural glow, reflected upon his countenance from the valley of burning cedars, seemed to render still more haggard and toilsome his burned and blackened features. It was hours, however, before sleep visited my eye-lids. From the spot on which I was lying, a broad sheet of flame could still be seen, miles and miles in width; the heavens in that direction so brilliantly lit up that they resembled a sea of molten gold. In the west, a wall of impenetrable blackness appeared to be thrown up, as the spectator suddenly turned from viewing the conflagration in the opposite direction. The subdued yet deep roar of the element could still be plainly heard as it sped on as with the wings of lightning across the prairies, while in the valley far below, the flames were flashing and leaping among the dry cedars, and shooting and circling about in a manner closely resembling a magnificent pyrotechnic display—the general combination forming a scene of grandeur and sublimity which the pen shrinks from describing, and to which the power of words is wholly unequal. Daylight the next morning disclosed a melancholy scene of desolation and destruction. North, south, and east, as far as the eye could reach, the rough and broken country was blackened by the fire, and the removal of the earth's shaggy covering of cedars and tall grass but laid bare, in painful distinctness, the awful chasms and rents in the steep hill-side before us, as well as the valley spreading far and wide below. Afar off, in the distance, a dense black smoke was seen rising, denoting that the course of the devastating element was still onward. Two of our waggons only had been entirely consumed, but nearly all had suffered. A part of the baggage in the commissioners' waggon had been saved by the extraordinary exertions of some of the men; and, just as they had relinquished the work, the explosion of cartridges, which had first alarmed the party in the valley, scattered the burning fragments of the waggon in every direction. My friend Falconer was so disfigured that I hardly knew him. His hair and eye-brows were scorched completely off, his face was in a perfect blister, his clothes burned from his back, and, without a hat, he seemed as though some insurance office had met with a heavy loss. Object of pity, however, as he appeared to be, I still could not help smiling at the sad and woe-begone figure he presented.—*Kendall's Narrative of the Texan Santa Fé Expedition.*

THE MURDER HOLE.

In a remote district of country belonging to Lord Cassillis, between Ayrshire and Galloway, about three hundred years ago, a moor of apparently boundless extent stretched several

miles along the road, and wearied the eye of the traveller by the sameness and desolation of its appearance; not a tree varied the prospect—not a shrub enlivened the eye by its freshness—not a native flower bloomed to adorn this ungenial soil. One "lonesome desert" reached the horizon on every side, with nothing to mark that any mortal had ever visited the scene before, except a few rude huts that were scattered near its centre; and a road, or rather pathway, for those whom business or necessity obliged to pass in that direction. At length, deserted as this wild region had always been, it became still more gloomy. Strange rumours arose, that the path of unwary travellers had been beset on this "blasted heath," and that treachery and murder had intercepted the solitary stranger as he traversed its dreary extent. When several persons, who were known to have passed that way, mysteriously disappeared, the inquiries of their relatives led to a strict and anxious investigation; but though the officers of justice were sent to scour the country, and examine the inhabitants, not a trace could be obtained of the persons in question, nor of any place of concealment which could be a refuge for the lawless or desperate to horde in. Yet, as inquiry became stricter, and the disappearance of individuals more frequent, the simple inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlet were agitated by the most fearful apprehensions.

Gradually the inhabitants deserted their dwellings on the heath, and settled in distant quarters, till at length but one of the cottages continued to be inhabited by an old woman and her two sons, who loudly lamented that poverty chained them to this solitary and mysterious spot. Travellers who frequented this road now generally did so in groups to protect each other; and if night overtook them, they usually stopped at the humble cottage of the old woman and her sons, where cleanliness compensated for the want of luxury, and where, over a blazing fire of peat, the bolder spirits smiled at the imaginary terrors of the road, and the more timid trembled as they listened to the tales of terror and afflict with which their hosts entertained them.

One gloomy and tempestuous night in November, a peddler-boy hastily traversed the moor. Terrified to find himself involved in darkness amidst its boundless wastes, a thousand frightful traditions, connected with this dreary scene, darted across his mind—every blast, as it swept in hollow gusts over the heath, seemed to teem with the sighs of departed spirits—and the birds, as they winged their way above his head, appeared, with loud and shrill cries, to warn him of approaching danger. The whistle with which he usually beguiled his weary pilgrimage died away into silence, and he groped along with trembling and uncertain steps, which sounded too loudly in his ears.

A light now glimmered in the distance, which would lead him, he conjectured, to the cottage of the old woman; and towards that he eagerly bent his way. His first call for admission obtained no visible marks of attention, but instantly the greatest noise and confusion prevailed within the cottage. They think it is one of the supernatral visitants of whom the old lady talks so much, thought the boy, approaching a window, where the light within showed him all the inhabitants at their several occupations; the old woman was hastily scrubbing the stone floor, and strewing it thickly over with sand, while her two sons seemed with equal haste to be thrusting something large and heavy into an immense chest, which they carefully locked. The boy, in a frolicsome mood, thoughtlessly tapped at the window, when they all instantly started up with consternation so strongly depicted on their countenances, that he shrunk back involuntarily with an undefined feeling of ap-

prehension; but before he had time to reflect a moment longer, one of the men suddenly darted out at the door, and seizing the boy roughly by the shoulder, dragged him violently into the cottage. "I am not what you take me for," said the boy, attempting to laugh, "but only the poor pedler who visited you last year." "Are you alone?" inquired the old woman, in a harsh deep tone, which made his heart thrill with apprehension. "Yes," said the boy, "I am alone *here*; and, alas!" he added, with a burst of uncontrollable feeling, "I am alone in the wide world also! Not a person exists who would assist me in distress, or shed a single tear if I died this very night." "Then you are welcome!" said one of the men with a sneer, while he cast a glance of peculiar expression at the other inhabitants of the cottage.

It was with a shiver of apprehension, rather than of cold, that the boy drew towards the fire, and the looks which the old woman and her sons exchanged, made him wish that he had preferred the shelter of any one of the roofless cottages which were scattered near, rather than trust himself among persons of such dubious aspect. Dreadful surmises flitted across his brain; and terrors which he could neither combat nor examine imperceptibly stole into his mind; but alone, and beyond the reach of assistance, he resolved to smother his suspicions, or at least not increase the danger by revealing them. The room to which he retired for the night had a confused and desolate aspect; the curtains seemed to have been violently torn down from the bed, and still hung in tatters around it—the table seemed to have been broken by some violent concussion, and the fragments of various pieces of furniture lay scattered upon the floor. The boy begged that a light might burn in his apartment till he was asleep, and anxiously examined the fastenings of the door; but they seemed to have been wrenched asunder on some former occasion, and were still left rusty and broken.

It was long ere the pedler attempted to compose his agitated nerves to rest; but at length his senses began to "steep themselves in forgetfulness," though his imagination remained painfully active, and presented new scenes of terror to his mind, with all the vividness of reality. Suddenly the boy was startled from these agitated slumbers, by what sounded to him like the cry of distress; he was broad awake in a moment, and sat up in bed—but the noise was not repeated, and he endeavoured to persuade himself it had only been a continuation of the fearful images which had disturbed his rest, when, on glancing at the door, he observed underneath it a broad red stream of blood silently stealing its course along the floor. Frantic with alarm, it was but the work of a moment to spring from his bed, and rush to the door, through a chink of which, his eye nearly dimmed with affright, he could watch unsuspected whatever might be done in the adjoining room.

His fear vanished instantly when he perceived that it was only a goat that they had been slaughtering; and he was about to steal into his bed again, ashamed of his groundless apprehensions, when his ear was arrested by a conversation which transfixed him agast with terror to the spot.

"This is an easier job than you had yesterday," said the man who held the goat. "I wish all the throats we've cut were as easily and quietly done. Did you ever hear such a noise as the old gentleman made last night! It was well we had no neighbour within a dozen of miles, or they must have heard his cries for help and mercy."

"Don't speak of it," replied the other; "I was never fond of bloodshed."

"Ha! ha!" said the other, with a sneer, "you say so do you!"

"I do," answered the first gloomily; "the Murder Hole is the thing for me—that tells no tales—a single scuffle—a single plunge—and the fellow's dead and buried to your hand in a moment. I would defy all the officers in Christendom to discover any mischief there."

"Ay, Nature did us a good turn when she contrived such a place as that. Who that saw a hole in the heath, filled with clear water; and so small that the long grass meets over the top of it, would suppose that the depth is unfathomable, and that it conceals more than forty people who have met their deaths there?—it sucks them in like a leech!"

"How do you mean to dispatch the lad in the next room?" asked the old woman in an under tone. The elder son made her a sign to be silent, and pointed towards the door where their trembling auditor was concealed; while the other, with an expression of brutal ferocity, passed his bloody knife across his throat.

The pedler boy possessed a bold and daring spirit, which was now roused to desperation; but in any open resistance the odds were so completely against him, that flight seemed his best resource. He gently stole to the window, and having by one desperate effort broke the rusty bolt by which the casement had been fastened, he let himself down without noise or difficulty. This betokens good, thought he, pausing an instant in dreadful hesitation what direction to take. This momentary deliberation was fearfully interrupted by the hoarse voice of the men calling aloud, "*The boy has fled—let loose the blood-hound!*" These words sunk like a death-knell on his heart, for escape appeared now impossible, and his nerves seemed to melt away like wax in a furnace. Shall I perish without a struggle! thought he, rousing himself to exertion, and, helpless and terrified as a hare pursued by its ruthless hunters, he fled across the heath. Soon the baying of the blood-hound broke the stillness of the night, and the voice of its masters sounded through the moor, as they endeavoured to accelerate its speed—panting and breathless the boy pursued his hopeless career, but every moment his pursuers seemed to gain upon his failing steps. The hound was unimpeded by the darkness which was to him so impenetrable, and its noise rung louder and deeper on his ear—while the lanterns which were carried by the men gleamed near and distinct upon his vision.

At his fullest speed, the terrified boy fell with violence over a heap of stones, and having nothing on but his shirt, he was severely cut in every limb. With one wild cry to Heaven for assistance, he continued prostrate on the earth, bleeding, and nearly insensible. The hoarse voices of the men, and the still louder baying of the dog, were now so near, that instant destruction seemed inevitable—already he felt himself in their fangs, and the bloody knife of the assassin appeared to gleam before his eyes—despair renewed his energy, and once more in an agony of affright that seemed verging towards madness, he rushed forward so rapidly that terror seemed to have given wings to his feet. A loud cry near the spot he had left arose on his ears without suspending his flight. The hound had stopped at the place where the pedler's wounds bled so profusely, and deeming the chase now over, it lay down there, and could not be induced to proceed; in vain the men beat it with frantic violence, and tried again to put the hound on the scent—the sight of blood had satisfied the animal that its work was done, and with dogged resolution it resisted every inducement to pursue the same scent a second time. The pedler boy in the mean time paused not in his flight till morning dawned—and still as he fled, the noise of steps seemed to pursue him, and the cry of his assassins still sounded in the distance. Ten miles off he reached a village, and spread instant alarm

throughout the neighbourhood—the inhabitants were aroused with one accord into a tumult of indignation—several of them had lost sons, brothers, or friends on the heath, and all united in proceeding instantly to seize the old woman and her sons, who were nearly torn to pieces by their violence. Three gibbets were immediately raised on the moor, and the wretched culprits confessed before their execution, to the destruction of nearly fifty victims in the Murder Hole, which they pointed out, and near which they suffered the penalty of their crimes. The bones of several murdered persons were with difficulty brought up from the abyss into which they had been thrust; but so narrow is the aperture, and so extraordinary the depth, that all who see it are inclined to coincide in the tradition of the country people that it is unfathomable. The scene of these events still continues nearly as it was 300 years ago. When you stand on the slippery edge of that deep and dismal gulf to which our story refers, and (parting the long grass with which it is covered) gaze into its mysterious depths—when the struggle of the victims grasping the grass, as a last hope of preservation, and trying to drag in their assassin, as an expiring effort of vengeance, is detailed to you—when you are told that for 300 years the clear waters in this diamond of the desert have remained untasted by mortal lips, and that the solitary traveller is still pursued at night by the howling of the blood-hound—it is *then only* that it is possible fully to appreciate the terrors of THE MURDER HOLE.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

ON FLIES WALKING UP GLASS, AGAINST GRAVITY.

SOME time ago, Mr. Blackwall, one of our most ingenious and original observers, read a paper to the Linnæan Society, adducing facts discordant with Sir E. Home's opinion that flies walk up glass by means of a vacuum produced in their foot, on the principle of the boys' leather-sucker. I think it highly probable that Mr. Blackwall is not aware of some of his views having been anticipated nearly two hundred years ago. "The common fly," says Dr. Power, "hath six legs, but goes only upon four; the two foremost she makes use of instead of hands, with which you may see her wipe her mouth and nose, and take up any thing to eat. The other four legs are cloven, and armed with little claws or talons (like a catamount), by which she lays hold on the rugosities and asperities on all bodies she walks over, even the supportance of herself, though with her back downwards and perpendicularly inverted to the horizon. To which purpose, also, the wisdom of nature hath endued her with another artifice, and that is, a fuzzy kind of substance like little sponges, with which she hath lined the soles of her feet, which substance is also repleted with a whitish viscous liquor, which she can at pleasure squeeze out, and so sodder and beglew herself to the plain she walks on, which otherwise her gravity would hinder (were it not for this contrivance), especially when she walks in those inverted positions."

SELF-MADE MEN.

COLUMBUS was a weaver. Franklin was a journeyman printer. Sixtus V. was employed in keeping swine. Rollin was the son of a cutler. Ferguson and Burns, Scottish poets, were ploughmen. Esop was a slave. Homer was a beggar. Daniel Defoe was apprenticed to a hosier. Demosthenes was the son of a cutler. Hogarth an engraver of pewter pots. Virgil was the son

of a baker. Gay was an apprentice to a silk mercer. Ben Jonson was a bricklayer. Porson was the son of a parish clerk. Prideaux was employed to sweep Exeter College. Akenside was the son of a butcher: so was Wolsey. Cervantes was a common soldier. Gifford and Bloomfield, the poets, were shoemakers. Howard was apprenticed to a grocer. Halley was the son of a soap-boiler. Richard Arkwright was a barber. Belzoni the son of a barber. Blackstone was the son of a linen-draper. Buchanan was a private soldier. Butler was the son of a farmer. Canova was the son of a stone-cutter. Catherine of Russia, was born a peasant. Captain Cook began his career as a cabin-boy. Dodsley was a stocking-weaver. Drake the son of a shepherd. Hunter was apprenticed to a carpenter. Falconer was the son of a barber. Haydn was the son of a poor wheelwright. Pizarro was never taught to read when young, but employed to keep hogs. Richardson was the son of a joiner. Shakspeare commenced his career as a menial. Stone worked as a gardener, and taught himself to read. Kirke White was the son of a butcher. Hogg was a shepherd, Allan Ramsay was a barber.

Varieties.

Native Bird-lime.—The resinous substance on the buds of the horse-chestnut acts like bird-lime on several small birds, particularly the gold crests, which are often caught by it, and the poor little things, being unable to extricate themselves, are starved to death.

If the man-in-the-moon could speak to men upon earth, how many would blush to hear him!

Suppers Recommended.—Dr. Holland asserts that we deal injuriously with the night by bringing the time of dinner so close upon it. The interval of four or five hours between the heaviest meal of the day and the time of going to bed, is by no means the most favourable to sound rest. The early stage of digestion is passed over, during which there is a natural tendency to repose, and we seek it at a time when the system, as respects the influence of food, is taking up a more active state, and when exercise, rather than the recumbent posture, is expedient in forwarding healthily the latter stages of this process. The old method of supper at bed-time in sequel to dinner in the middle of the day, was better in regard to comfort and completeness of rest at night; and the habit of good sleep may often be retrieved by adopting a plan of this kind when every anodyne has failed of effect.

Shoemaking by Machinery.—The *Journal de Paris* states, that an operative in the Rue des Vieilles Andriettes, who for some time attended a course of lectures on mechanics, has invented a machine to make shoes, by means of which any person possessing sufficient strength to turn a wheel can, in the course of a day, finish 50 pair of excellent shoes of every size. It is calculated that of 34,000,000 inhabitants of France, 20,000,000 are destitute of shoes because of the want of means to procure them. It is probable, therefore, that if this machine prove successful, the entire population may indulge in the luxury of a covering for the feet.

The Lamplighter Insect.—This astonishing insect is about one inch and a quarter in length; and what is wonderful to relate, she carries by her side, just above her waist, two brilliant lamps, which she lights up at pleasure with the solar phosphorus furnished her by nature. These little lamps do not flash and glimmer like that of the fire-fly, but give as steady a light as the gas-light, exhibiting two perfect spheres, as large as a minute pearl, which afford light enough in the darkest night to enable one to read *print by them!* On carrying her into a dark closet in the day time, she immediately illuminates her lamps, and instantly extinguishes them on coming again into the light. But language cannot express the beauty and sublimity of these lucid orbs in miniature, with which nature has furnished the queen of the insect kingdom.

